

The Janesville GazetteNew Bldg. 200-201 E. Milwaukee St.
ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT JANESVILLE,
WIS., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATUR-
DAY EVENING.Members of Associated Press,
Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations,
Member of Wisconsin Daily League.**WEATHER FORECAST.**Fair and con-
tinued cool to-
night and Sun-
day; probably
light frost to-
night east por-
tion.**OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.**

When I'm looking back across the
time-worn pages
Of the book of years, one face I al-
ways see.
Just one gentle face that alters not
with age.
But seems now and evermore the
same to me.
I can feel a loving hand in mine en-
twining.

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I can feel a loving hand in mine en-
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When I look around, and memory is
bracing
Back again the echoed songs of long
ago,
Songs that ever dwell the halls of
time are ringing.
Songs that set my listening, youth-
ful heart aglow—
All the visions bright of years gone
by they bring me.
And they seem to hold my spirit in
their thrall;
But the simple air a dear voice used
to sing me
Is the song that I remember best
of all!

When I dream of all the gladness that
has blessed me
And the sunshine that has made
life's pathway bright,
When I long from all the toil of earth
to rest me
Till the dawning of the day that
knows no night,
I remember all the love the years
have taught me
And the happiness that filled them
I recall!

But a mother's love and all the joy it
brings me
Is the love that I remember best
of all!
—Clifton Bingham.

Tomorrow is "Mother's Day" and
the churches all over the land will
celebrate it by special services. White
and red carnations will be largely in
evidence as a tribute of love and re-
spect to the women who have suffered
and sacrificed to perpetuate the life
of the nation.

It is well for the people to turn
aside, at least one day in the year, to
honor the mothers of the land. To
those of us, where the old home calls
back since born a memory of days,
and we live over again the care-free years
of childhood where the mother car-
ried the burdens and was a comfort-
ing refuge and loving companion.

It is said that the love of a mother
is like the love of God. It is more
rampant because it finds expression
through a familiar voice, a pleasant
smile, and deeds of thoughtful and
loving service which calls for sacri-
fices which are seldom appreciated.
One of the commonest experiences of
humanity is found in the fact that we
do not half appreciate our blessings
until after they are gone. This is true
of our departed mothers. We stand
by the little mound which marks their
last resting place, filled with regret
because we so often failed to show
our gratitude for the unselfish love so
long enjoyed.

These memories are bad enough,
but they do not disturb the quiet
slumber whose tired spirit is at rest.
There are other experiences which
are living issues; where the mother
has outlived the old home and old
companion, who trudged the pathway
with her for so many years. The
same mother who cared for us back in
the years of helpless childhood, has
come down to the edge of time,
scoured and wrinkled by the long
journey, to find a home in her feeble-
ness, with some son or daughter
where she is not always welcome, and
where her presence is considered a
burden.

These experiences are not rare.
They are found in every community.
"Mother's Day" is a good time to de-
vise a little serious thought to this
question which perhaps is nobody's
business except the home, and yet
which should receive some attention
by both the public and the press.
Mothers who are not wanted, patient-
ly waiting for release, are a sad com-
ment on our Christian civilization.
They may have outlived their useful-
ness, but they still have demands on
our love and sympathy.

"Mother's Day" should mean much
to the generation now occupying the
active stage of life. We are apt to
regard it as a sort of grandmother oc-
casion dedicated to the old mothers
who are resting on the side line, but
every home today, worthy of the
name, is blessed with a mother, and
if the home over which she presides
approaches the ideal, it is her para-
dise.

"The generations come and go and
the march of progress crowns the ad-
vance of time, but there are some
things which never change and the
love of a mother is one of them. The
mother of today passes through the
same valley of the shadow and the
same Gethsemane of suffering and
with the birth of the child is born the
love of sacrifice.
The husband may forsake his wife,
and the wife may abandon her hus-
band. The prodigal son may be cut
off by his father, and the wayward
daughter may seek in vain for admis-
sion to the old home, because the
father refuses to forgive, but no child
was ever so wayward, or wandering, or
so far astray that a mother's love did not
follow, for the mother's heart is al-
ways ready to forgive.

This "Mother's Day" comes to the
mothers of the old world with sad
significance, because in millions of
homes the boys have gone out to bat-
tle, many of them never to return.
Mary Roberts Rineheart recently
wrote an article for the Saturday
Evening Post, entitled "The Altar of
Freedom." It was written to comfort
the mothers of the land at a time
when the nation stands at the
threshold of war.
Mrs. Rineheart has been in the war
zone as a correspondent, and is thor-
oughly familiar with conditions on the

battlefields and in the hospitals. She
has three sons in college and the old-
est one joined the colors a few days
ago. In speaking of it she says:

"Men fight wars, but it is the moth-
ers of a nation who raise the army.
They are the silent patriots. Given
her will, every mother in this great
land would go to war, if by so doing
she could keep her sons in safety. It
is easier to go than to send a boy.

"Yet war is not necessarily death.
I try to comfort myself with this.
Perhaps it will help other mothers.
It is a hazard, but it is a thing of vast
importance and much cheerfulness, of
rewards and big moments and little
feats, of smiles and grumbling, of
labor and rest, and of that joy in his
own kind that only the boy knows.
And underneath it all, buried deep
and never articulate, is that feeling of
doing his bit for his country which is
the foundation on which a nation
rests secure.

"I wish I could always remember
these things. I have panicky times,
then the sun dies for me and my
world goes black. But I am like the
other mothers. I shall go through
with it, and I would not have things
otherwise. I would not have my son
do otherwise than he is doing. He is
still in his teens, but he is a man, and
this is his country. I have not raised
him to be a shirker."

Many mothers in this fair land are
being called upon to make the same
kind of a sacrifice, and they will meet
it in the same heroic spirit. The war
into which we are forced involves a
great principle which we could not re-
spect and maintain our self-respect
and the final issue, which will come
with the dawn of peace, for the days of
autocracy, and the Divine right of
kings, are numbered.

The mothers of the land are facing
the great problem today, which the
mothers of other lands have faced
in the past three years. That
solving for the past three years is not
they will meet it courageously is not
a question of doubt. They will also
pray earnestly for speedy and honor-
able peace.

The "Mother's Day" which we cele-
brate tomorrow, is unlike any similar
anniversary in history. The gay and
thoughtless life which we have led as
a nation, has been suddenly checked
and the grave realities of war confront
us. This introduces to the American
home new and strange conditions,
which the grandmothers will appreci-
ate because it carries them back to
the days of civil strife.

Out of these experiences will come
a steady influence which will be
good for us as a people. We were
traveling at too rapid a pace and many
homes were disturbed by efforts
to keep up with the procession. We
needed something startling to make
us think and out of the ordeal will
come a better day for the American
people.

The mothers who are furnishing the
boys for the new army are entitled
to all the love and sympathy which
can be bestowed. The experience of
Mrs. Rineheart will be repeated in
many homes, but the call of the coun-
try is a sacred call which can not be
ignored. Here is a little poem from
the "Indiana News," which rings true
to conditions because of the spirit of
loyalty and patriotism expressed.

The Kid has gone to the Colors
And we don't know what to say;
The Kid we have loved and cuddled
Stepped out for the flag today.
We thought him a child, a baby,
With never a care at all,
But his country called him man-size
And the Kid has heard the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting
Where, fired by the file and drum,
He bowed his head to Old Glory
And, though that it whispered:
"Come!"

The Kid, not being a slacker,
Stood forth with patriot joy
To add his name to the roster
And God, we're proud of the boy!

The Kid has gone to the Colors;
It seems but a little while
Since he drilled a schoolboy army
In a truly martial style.
But now he's a man, a soldier,
And we lend him a listening ear,
For his heart is a heart all loyal,
Unscarred by the curse of fear.

His dad, when he told him, shuddered.
—

His mother—God bless her!—cried:
Yet, blest with a mother-nature,
She wept with a mother-pride.
But he whose old shoulders straight-
ened

Was granddad—for memory ran
To years when he, too, a youngster,
Was changed by the flag to a man!

**ON THE SPUR
of the MOMENT**

—ROY K. MOULTON—

THE WEATHER
When the day is dull and dreary
Every face we meet is weary,
Very few are bright and cheery that
are seen along the way.
When the weather is contrary,
New ideas are gay and airy,
It's not easy to be merry on a dark
and gloomy day.

On the other hand it's funny
How we feel like ready money
When the day is clear and sunny
and along the avenue,
In the busy, bustling city,
Many a happy, happy day,
Some are laughing (some are witty)
and a lot are humming, too.
Though it's rather doubtful whether
Does well to keep a level head
On the whole and altogether, it's a
natural thing to do.
And so often we are weary
When the day is dark and dreary,
But it's easy to be cheery when the
weather's cheery, too.

HAPPY THOUGHT
Make the Most of your Joys and
Shake the Most of your Cares.

Watch Your Step
The youth who has his little thing,
At wine and song and everything,
Does well to keep a level head
And see that he's not flung instead.

Hunting Wild Game
People of leisure, ladies should
hunt wild game more. There is no
more, excellent way of cultivating
impulse and animation. There is
nothing that will stir one up so
can jump around much quicker than
you think and this keeps you jump-
ing here and there yourself and if
this is out in the open air there is
nothing better for you. It is im-
portant to remember in hunting a
lion that if he is wounded in the foot
he will come up to you. Altho he
will probably come up to you any-
way. Another thing. Listen very
carefully for all sounds. If you
hear a crunching sound that is the
lion eating something. If you don't
hear the crunching sound he may be
eating something just the same and
your friend may be wondering what
you're up to. If you run an elevator
or work in a laundry you probably
feel a little run down of done up
and should take a longer vacation
this summer and hunt wild game. A
man with a little fun in him can
have great sport hunting lions.
Don't take a bicycle with you. A lion
will tear the tires off it in short
order. Be sure to take a good saw.
Then if the lion gets after you and
you haven't any bullets left climb
up the tallest tree you can find and
saw off the limb.



Smiles.
A man who makes the best of life
is William Henry Fife.
For even when lectured by his wife
He wears a tranquil smile.
—Birmingham Age-Herald

We've studied every kind of smile
And at on kind we scoff.
But only one kind is worth while:
The kind that won't come off.
—Youngstown Telegram

As far as you have gone, no doubt,
You've stated only facts;
But have you fellows never gone out
For smiles, between the facts?
—Houston (Tex.) Post.

And so they sing, yet all the while
They know the highest place
In their esteem is for the smile
Upon a reader's face!

—

News Notes from Movieland

—BY DAISY DEAN—

Billie Burke has started work on a
new picture. The story is an adap-
tation of Gelett Burgess' "The Mys-
terious Miss Terry." This is that
author's first contribution to the
screen.

In "The Mysterious Miss Terry,"
Miss Burke will play the role of
Miss Terry, a part offering many
opportunities for her talents in com-
edy and containing many charming
sentimental episodes. The story is
said to be highly novel and amusing
and contains some of the most in-
teresting love scenes in the history
of the screen.

At the beginning of the story we
find her a mysterious character in a
cheap boarding house. How she
weeds out her true love from among
her humble suitors and fellow
lodgers, how she plays the lady
bountiful to the poor of the neigh-
borhood, and how she finally, after
many interesting episodes, finds her
romance and happiness form the
basis of the plot.

HOUDINI ON SCREEN
Houdini, who wriggles out of
shackles and straightjackets, has been
engaged by the Williamson Brothers
to pose for a series of motion pic-
tures. The Williamson Brothers are
the young men who invented certain
paraphernalia for photographing
motion pictures under water, so it is
to be taken for granted that Houdini
will be bound hand and foot, tossed
into the ocean, and allowed to work
out his own scenario.

"I am doing this because I wish to
leave behind me a legacy to posterity to prove
irrefutably that I was actually with-
in the chain-wrapped packing cases,

Through the aid of the Williamson's
devices for submarine photography
I will be able to release myself in
full view of the camera. There can
be no doubt henceforth as to the au-
thenticity of my performances."
The Russian revolution, the en-
trance of the United States into the
world war and now Houdini's de-
cision to pose for the movies. Pos-
sibly, please note.
Pictures of this star are almost as
rare as hen's teeth. This photo
shows Reid as he appeared in Ger-
aldine Farrar's great picture, "Joan
or Arc."

**For
Mother's Day**Old Fashioned Mints and a
variety of candies which
mother likes the best.**RAZOOK'S**
THE HOUSE OF PURITY.
30 S. Main St.

Wallace Reid.

steel boilers, nailed-up coffins and
other unusual containers in which I
have been manacled and thrown
overboard times without number.

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expectations; displaying new**Spring Suits
And Topcoats****\$17.00**All the newest, cleverest mod-
els are here, including the popu-
lar belt models. A wealth of vari-
ety of rich fabrics and weaves,
beautiful colors and patterns.**TRAVEL**Quantity of attractive, scenic liter-
ature just received by the Gazette
Travel Bureau of interest to travelers
and public generally for free distribu-
tion at the Gazette office.**FOR SALE
CHEAP****Flynn's Restaurant
And Retail Bakery**

If taken before

June 1.

121 W. Milw. St.

**Rock County Telephone Company's
New Directory Goes To
Press May 25th**All corrections in names and addresses, and all
changes in listings should be sent in at once.If you are without a telephone, order one now in
time for your name to appear in the New Directory.

Contract Department Telephone 1100

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Web of Steel

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of
"The Chance of Courage," "The
Island of Regeneration," etc., and
Cyrus Townsend Brady, Jr.
CHIEF ENGINEER

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"Can't we go any further?" asked the girl in low tones, still close to the young man, who still lightly clasped her arm.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be safe to go any farther," he said.

"I want to see this steamer. It will pass directly under the bridge."

"They have no business to pass under the bridge," said Meade. "They've been warned a hundred times and orders have been issued. There is always danger that something might fall."

"Why can't I stand up there?"

"On that girder?"

"Is that what you call it?"

"Yes, it bears the same relation to structural steel that a gusset does to a woman's dress."

"Exactly. But can't I stand on it?"

"Why," he answered.

He climbed to the center of it, lifted himself up and down on his feet to test it, and found it solid apparently.

"I think so, but I shall have to put you up," he said at last as he lifted her up and set her down on her feet in the middle of the plate of steel.

"Oh, there comes the steamer," she cried. "I can see it beautifully from here."

"Be careful. You must not move. Stand perfectly steady. I am not so sure of that plate." He reached over from where he stood on the track below her and by her side and gathered the material of her dress in an iron grasp.

"I do not think that is necessary," she said. "This plate seems as solid as the rest of the bridge and—oh, there's the steamer! She's right under us."

The big river craft was filled with light and laughter. The wind fortunately blew the smoke away from the bridge so that they had a clear and perfect view of her. There was a hand playing aboard her. They heard the music above the heat of the whirling paddles, the song of the rising wind. The passengers were congregated about the rails on the upper decks staring upward. The bridge was as fascinating to them as it was to the people ashore evidently.

"How interesting," said the delighted girl. "Why don't you come up here yourself. You can see so much better!"

The man had dropped her gown, lifted his right foot to the pile on the strings to follow her suggestion. Thoughtlessly she stepped toward the outer end to give him room, quite forgetful of his caution. Before he could complete his step or warn her of the danger, it now befell herself. Helen Illingworth was carried still further forward as she sought to regain her balance. The piece of steel began to slip downward, grating on the pile of beams as it moved; another second and it would be off and on its way irretrievably.

Meade threw himself at the girl. He lunged out and caught her just as she was slipping downward with the plate now almost perpendicular. To catch her he had to step to the very edge of the plank beyond which the rails ran naked on the trest.

With a tremendous effort he caught her by the waist, swung her up and in, and stood fast on the brink quivering, heaving himself desperately backward as he sought to maintain his balance and take the backward step that meant safety.

A wild shout rose from the steamer as the huge plate dropped, like the blade of a mighty guillotine, straight down through the air. It had struck the boat, it would have cut through like a knife. Fortunately it cleared the gangway by inches. In a second it had disappeared. Screams, shouts, arose from the boat which promptly wheeled off into midstream.

Helen Illingworth's back had been toward Meade as he seized her. She had seen as he had everything that happened. Recovering herself at last,



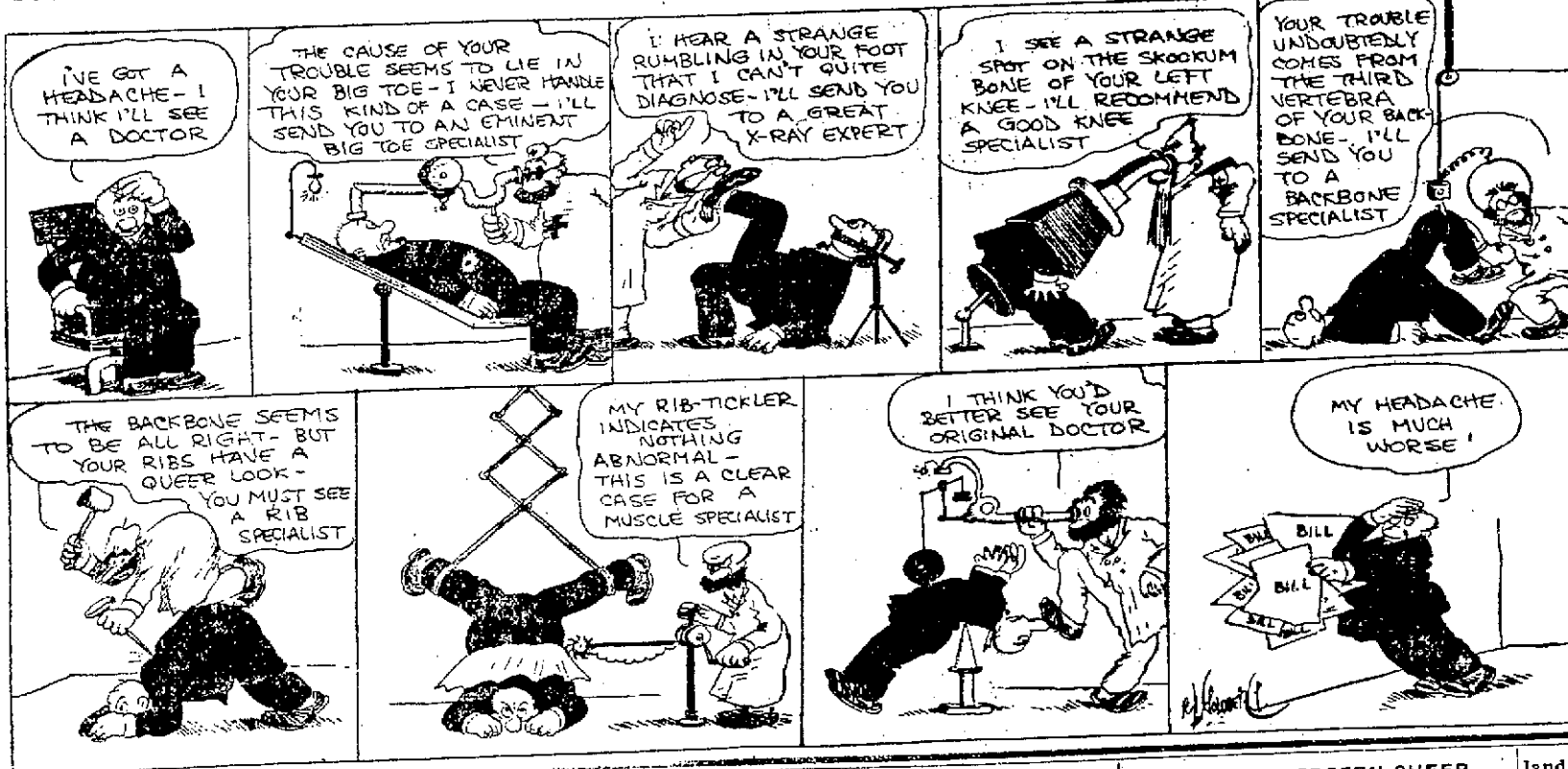
He Lunged Out and Caught Her.

he stepped back slowly, almost dragging her, until they were a safe distance from the edge. His face was ghastly white in the moonlight. Sweat covered his forehead. He was shaking like a wind-blown leaf.

"The whole world went black when I saw you go," he said slowly.

"Do you care that much?" asked the girl, trembling herself.

YOU CAN'T GO TO ONE DOCTOR WITHOUT MEETING THE WHOLE PROFESSION.



"There was no necessity for unduly reliance now."

"Care?" said the man. "Care?"

"You are more fortunate than I. I stood to lose you. You stood to lose only life. Don't you see? Can't you understand?"

Suddenly he swept her to his breast as this time she faced him. She was very near him and she did not make the slightest resistance. She had waited for this hour and she was glad. They had faced death too nearly for any hesitation now. She knew he loved her, and knew that he had saved her at the imminent risk of his own life. There had been swift yet eternal moments when it seemed that both of them, trembling on the brink, would follow the downward rush of the gusset plate. Now as he strained her to him, she lifted her face to him, glad that she was tall enough for him to kiss her with so slight a bend of the head.

There, under the great trusses of steel, amid the huge, gaunt, massive evidences of the power of the night, of the mastery of man, two hearts spoke to each other in the silence and told the story that was old before the first smelter had ever turned the first iron into the first bit of iron, before Tubal Cain ever smote the anvil; the story of love that began with creation, that will outlast all the iron in all the hills of the earth—that is as eternal as it is divine!

After that wild embrace, that first rapturous meeting of lips, he released her slightly, though he still held her closely and she was quite content.

"I'm quite calm now," he began, "that is, I am as composed as any man could be who is holding you in his arms. But if it had not been for me, you would never have been in danger. It was my fault. I should have made sure. I shall never forgive myself."

"But if I had not been in danger I might not now be here in your arms. And if I were not here," she went on swiftly, too happy in her love to be mindful of anything else, "I certainly would not be doing this."

And of her own motion she kissed him in the moonlight.

"And if you were not doing this," said he, making the proper return, "I might not have had the courage to tell you."

"You haven't told me anything—in words," she answered, fain to hear from his lips what she well knew from the beating of his heart.

"It's not too late then to tell you that I love you, that I am yours. To give myself to you seems to be the highest possibility in life, if you will only take me."

"And do you love me more than the bridge?"

"More than all the bridges in the world, past, present and to come; more than anything or anybody. I tell you I never knew what love was or what life was until I saw you sliding to your death. If I had not succeeded I should have followed you."

"I felt that, too," she answered dreamily.

"We must go back, dearest," he said at last. "I am so fearful for you even now that I am almost unwilling to try it. Every time I glance down through these interstices between the strings, my blood runs cold."

"You supported me before: I will support you now," laughed the woman, woman.

"No," said the man, "we will go together."

They turned toward the shore. He took her hand and slipped his other arm about her just as simply and naturally as if they had been any humble lover and his lass in the countryside. By and by they got to the end of the bridge. Far down the platform they could see the lights of the car.

"Listen," she said as they walked slowly along. "You must not tell father anything about this little accident."

"I obey, but why not?"

"It would only worry him, and it was my fault."

"No, mine."

"I will not hear you say it."

"But I must speak to your father about—"

"And the sooner the better; he is in good humor with you and the bridge now. I have heard him speak well of you. I believe he will be glad to give me to you."

"And if not?"

"I should hate to grieve my father, but—"

He seized her hand and lifted it to his lips as a devotee, and she understood the reason for the little touch of old-world formality and reserve, when thought but his will prevented him from taking her to his heart and making her lips, her eyes, her face, his own.

"Now may God deal with me as I deal with you," he said fervently, "if I ever fail at least to try with all my heart and soul and strength to measure up to your sweetness and light."

"My prayer for myself, too," she whispered.

"You used it not."

"You must wait here," she said, deeply touched, as they had now reached the steps of the car, "until I have changed my dress; father would notice—anybody would—that tear. When I have finished I will come back to you and then we will seek him and tell him."

Accordingly Meade stood obediently waiting outside the car in the shadow it cast. There was no one about. The servants had gone to bed. The porter of the car was nodding in his quarters, waiting for the time to turn out the lights. The engineer had the long platform all to himself. After a time he chose to walk quietly up and down, thinking. The future looked very fair to him.

"Bert," a sweet voice came to him out of the darkness. He turned to discover her standing in the door of the car dressed as she should have been for such an excursion; father would follow her father's wise suggestion. His heart thrilled to the use of the familiar name. "Bert, I'm coming down to you."

Hand in hand they walked to the rear of the car, where the observation platform was still brightly lighted. Abbott had gone and the other three men were on their feet. They were about to separate for the night, although it was still rather early.

"Father," said his daughter out of the darkness.

"Oh, you're there," answered the colonel. "I wondered when you were coming back. I was just thinking of going to fetch you. Is Mr. Meade—?"

"I'm here, sir."

"Good night, gentlemen," said the colonel as the others turned away, leaving him alone on the platform. He came to the edge and leaned over the brass railing.

"Are you two going to make a night of it?" he asked jocosely.

"Colonel Illingworth," began Meade.

"Father," said his daughter at the same time, "we have something to say to you."

Colonel Illingworth opened the gate, lifted the platform, and descended the steps.

"Here I am," he said as he stopped by the two.

His daughter took him by the arm and they walked down the platform so

as to be out of any possible hearing from the car.

"Now," she said to Meade, who followed her.

His heart was beating almost as rapidly as it had on the bridge, and for exactly the same reason—fear of losing her. He tried to speak.

"Well, young man?" said Illingworth, flicking the ashes from his cigar and wishing to get it over, "you said you had something to say to me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If you are looking for an investment read what is offered in the want columns.

Dinner Stories

A soldier footballer in the trenches was complaining that he had not had a change of underclothing for many weeks and consequently his hands



were kept busy. He asked his pal if it was true that the Kaiser had a withered arm.

"Quite right, old sport!"

"Well, I wish to goodness that he'd both arms withered," was the reply, "and had my shirt on."

The irritating old fool who regards himself as licensed to meddle in everybody's affairs was walking down the street the other day when he observed a young man lounging at a corner smoking a huge cigar.

"How many cigars a day to you smoke?" he asked bluntly.

"Six," replied the youth, as patiently as he could.

Then the inquisition continued: "How much do you pay for them?"

"Fifteen cents," confessed the young man.

"Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would save that money, by the time you are as old as I am you might own that big building at the corner?"

"I own it," inquired the smoker.

"No," replied the old man.

"Well, I do," said the young man.

A Scottish doctor who was attending a laird had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. In paying his usual morning call he was met by the butler, to whom he said: "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not higher."

The man looked puzzled for a minute and then replied: "Well, I was just wonderin' that myself. Ye see, he died at twal o'clock."

POLICE OF ENGLAND, WALES FLOCK TO NATURAL DUTY

London, May 12.—Ten thousand members of the police in England and Wales have joined the army and navy. This has reduced the actual strength of the force to 28,502, many of whom will soon be taken into the army. Special constables have, to a large extent, made up for the reduced police, 121,908 having volunteered for police duty. This large number includes constables for special occasions such as Zeppelin raids, coast bombardments and other emergencies.

BIG PROFIT IN PEAS; 105 BUSHELS SELL FOR \$500

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., May 12.—Wisconsin and northern peninsula farmers will make no mistake in planting peas this year, according to R. F. Snyder, prominent grower, who recently sold 105 bushels for \$499.

Two million frozen sheep held in New Zealand can't secure bottoms for moving

[SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.]

Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 12.—Two million carcasses of frozen sheep are in cold storage in New Zealand waiting shipment but no vessel can be obtained, recently declared Premier Massey of New Zealand, while on a visit here. By the end of May the number, he said, would be increased to three and a half million carcasses and if shipping could be obtained New Zealand could export this year \$40,000,000 worth of dairy products.

SNOWS IN MICHIGAN BID AID TO FARMERS

[SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.]

Marquette, Mich., May 12.—Heavy snows recently have been of inestimable aid to farmers and gardeners not only of the clover land of northern Michigan but to all Wisconsin and Minnesota, according to J. W. Weston, agricultural expert here.

He declares the snows are a "veritable blanket of wealth" because of the moisture provided on breaking up of winter and advent of spring.

RUSS PROVINCE HEAD URGES REFORMS, FREEDOM

[SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.]

Petrograd, May 12.—A telegram from Bokhara states that, in consequence of the influence of the Russian revolution, the Emir of Bokhara has published a manifesto proposing extensive internal reforms and continuing an order for the liberation of all political prisoners.



THE ADVENTURESS!

BIGGEST NEW NOVEL OF THE YEAR

A THRILLING CRAIG KENNEDY STORY of LOVE and MYSTERY, by Arthur B. Reeve, has been bought exclusively for and begins in

THIS SUNDAY'S



MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, the greatest woman novelist, writes direct from the trenches. Her story, with an introduction from THEODORE ROOSEVELT, also appears in to-morrow's great Sunday Examiner.

Also smashing short stories by REX BEACH and GOUVERNEUR MORRIS will add further widespread interest to the remarkable

NEW FICTION SECTION

Which will appear for the first time with

THIS SUNDAY'S



ORDER your Sunday Examiner from your LOCAL DEALER NOW.

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The Greater Patriotism

Russia Throws Off the Yoke.
(By Paul Holmes.)

RUSSIA THROWS OFF THE YOKE

By Paul Holmes.
Chapter Seven.
Into the Neva.

For half a mile the chase continued over the broad waste of snow outside the city. For a moment L. Verne, a husky, powerful man, was fast becoming a laughing stock. The exultant cries of the police sounded upon his ears as he was hounded by a pack of hounds.

He imagined the animal they were running to earth. He was nearly caught and he realized that he could not run any farther.

The command came from the nearest of his enemies, and was accompanied by a warning bullet, which fell dangerously close to his head. L. Verne whirled about at the word and fired the last shell which remained in his revolver at the man. Then he noted that his aim had been true. The police, angry now at the death of another of their number, were firing again, but Francois was taking a zigzag course and his bullets were very difficult to follow. Then a strange thing happened. L. Verne, who was endeavoring to reload his revolver and run at the same time, caught his foot on something in the snow and fell headlong. He pulled over once or twice, in a desperate effort to regain his feet in time to avoid instant capture, and suddenly the earth disappeared from beneath him. He was falling—falling through space, and clutching wildly where there was only nothingness. A sickening fear convulsed him, and his mind, in its agony, turned to the only thing which he could think of—the human mind always does under such conditions, was filled with wild and fearful conjectures.

Then there came a terrible shock. When it seemed as if his body could not endure, and his descent ceased. There was a cracking and splintering all about him, and once more he felt the earth beneath his feet. This time his descent was gentle. Black water closed about him as he sank down. What had happened was this: The banks of the Neva, after a terrific fight at this place and Francois had stumbled upon the brink of the chasm, his efforts to arise serving to plunge him down into the river. There, never very far from the edge, he had broken under his weight and allowed him to sink into the water.

A moment later the infuriated police had reached the bank. They had seen the boy fall and supposed of course that he had been hit. When a search of the vicinity revealed no trace of the body, they came to the conclusion that he had fallen into the river, but none of them cared to trust themselves upon the treacherous ice for the sake of making a fool of themselves. So the captain of the band took a last look down into the blackness of the gulf, where the waters of the Neva gurgled and bubbled, and then he turned and hurried back to the shore. The fugitive was not dead from the wound he would inevitably drown in the exposure in a short time, and he ordered his men back to the shore.

So the captain of the band disappeared when a figure materialized on the bank and stared at him. He was a man of middle age, with a stern, but not unkind, expression. He was dressed in a dark suit, and he had a pair of glasses.

"Don't give up," he called. "I'll be back in a moment." Then the man of mystery, who had appeared so suddenly upon the scene, melted into the darkness when he had done so. L. Verne, called the man with a light, "I am a friend. Are you hurt?"

A long time intervened before the man came and then it was very dark. "No, I am not hurt, but—just about played out." The sentence ended with a gasp.

"Hold a rope if I let one down to you," the man called.

"Don't give up," he called. "I'll be back in a moment." Then the man of mystery, who had appeared so suddenly upon the scene, melted into the darkness when he had done so.

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ice. He remembered the whisky smugglers, and how the police had chased them down the river. One of the band, he recollected, had in desperation, he had destroyed the message which Rodzianko had given him for General Brusilov, together with all of his own passport, when he came his way. The high bank of the river, through the ice and into the water. After that his mind was a blank, despite all his efforts to remember what had followed.

A door opened somewhere. Someone entered and Francois heard footsteps as the person crossed the room. Come out of it, have you?" said a voice in Russian.

L. Verne glanced up wonderingly at the face which was peering down at him. It was the face of a middle-aged man, evidently a Russian, with a heavy beard, but there was a trace of refinement in his eyes. "Yes," he answered, "I've come out of some place, I guess. Where am I?"

"One at a time, one at a time," cried the man, and his eyes twinkled with a sardonic, mocking light. "You are in my home, and you are here because I pulled you out of the Neva last night, and couldn't put you anywhere else."

"You saved my life?" queried L. Verne.

"Yes," replied the man. "I heard the shooting, and anything representing the government of Russia is no friend of mine, so I decided to save you if I could, for the sake of outwitting the police. I saw you go over the bank and waited around until the policemen passed. Then I pulled you out. That's all there is to it, and now may I ask you are you?"

Francois looked searchingly at the man, who was looking at him before he replied. He did not think it would be safe to trust the man and yet he did not know what to say. The fact that his rescuer was an enemy of the government, and a friend of the French army, was a fact which he would support the revolution, and anything representing the government of Russia is no friend of mine, so I decided to save you if I could, for the sake of outwitting the police. I saw you go over the bank and waited around until the policemen passed. Then I pulled you out. That's all there is to it, and now may I ask you are you?"

"I am a French Socialist," he answered. "I have had some conferences with the Russian Socialists, but tonight our meeting was broken up by that band of police, and I am here, and I believe I am the only one who has escaped."

At the words a great change came over the other man. A look of pleased surprise came over his face, and he said, "We are well met, friend. Know me, for I am Nicholas Lenin."

Wait did Francois know that name, as did everyone in the city. Lenin was the leader of the radical Socialists of Russia. He advocated an immediate end of the war by separate peace if no other way was possible, and a council of nations which would never war, as a check upon the aristocratic Duma.

Some time ago he had been exiled to Switzerland for talking socialism. Lenin was a man of great energy and a great deal of force. He was a man of great energy and a great deal of force. He was a man of great energy and a great deal of force.

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SEEKS TO AID IN SECURING WORKERS

Cut Out Coupon Printed Below if You Need Help on Your Farm and Mail to The Gazette.

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Do You Want Experienced Man? _____ Single? _____

What Kind of Farm Work? _____ Age? _____

What Wages Do You Pay? _____ Will You Advance R. R. Fare? _____

Do You Want Wife to Work? _____ What Kind of Work? _____

Do You Object to Children? _____ Is Home Furnished? _____

What Nationality Do You Want? _____ Summer? _____

Do You Want Man For _____ Winter? _____

Remarks: _____ All Year? _____

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Do You Want Experienced Man? _____ Single? _____

the farmer into closer touch, the Gazette has made arrangements with the Chicago Daily News, where the addresses of some fifteen hundred would-be farm helpers are listed, to forward all applications for laborers to the proper source. Cut out the coupon printed below, fill out and mail to the Gazette.

FARM HAND WANTED.

Name _____ Address _____ 191____

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ADDRESS ON BIRDS GIVEN BY SKAVLEM

Talks Before Training School Students and Pupils of Model School at Library Friday Morning.

H. L. Skavlem gave a talk on birds to the training school students and the model school children Friday morning at the library.

To illustrate his remarks the speaker used the mounted specimens in the juvenile department, which have been prepared by him in years past.

Mr. Skavlem is an authority upon the subject of birds and the young teachers, especially, receive most valuable ideas which they can use when they go out to teach country schools.

Training School Notes. Mr. Lowth conducted a mother's meeting at a room in district number 3, town of La Prairie. This school is taught by Miss Doris McCulloch. The subject discussed by the representative of the training school had to do with making the work practical in country schools.

Professor J. F. Viola of the State University visited the training school and gave the students a talk upon the work in agriculture, speaking especially of the testing of milk.

L. A. Markham accompanied Professor Viola, and he also spoke to the students concerning the work which he is beginning in Rock county.

Prin. J. T. Shear of the high school addressed the students on the subject of some very useful suggestions, concerning the work in oral English. Mr. Shear spoke from his own experience and his suggestions were highly appreciated by the students.

On Monday two young men from Professor West's agriculture class will demonstrate the Babcock Milk Test at the training school. The work has contributed something of practical value to the course.

BIRTHDAY OF ROME FITTINGLY OBSERVED

[SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.] Rome, May 12.—The celebration of the "birthday" of Rome, which is the transfer to the people of the Archeological park, which contains some of the most highly prized monuments of ancient Rome, including the Colosseum, the Forum, and the Baths of Caracalla, and is to be officially known as the Zona Monumentale. The gift was accepted on behalf of the municipality by the Duke of Genoa, acting as Lieutenant of the King, who was at the front.

Senator Lanciani, the eminent archaeologist, emphasized the importance of this historic area, where, in the words of Gauducius, "the Goddess of Rome sleeps."

Following the precedent of the Second Punic War, large quantities of gold were offered at the conclusion of the speeches, and during the afternoon the Exchange for the expenses of the war, medals in facsimile of those coined exactly 1800 years ago to celebrate the defeat of the Carthaginians.

The King, Queen, General Cadorna, and army officers representing Rome and Turin.

Washington, May 11.—The British mission left here today on a special mission to New York City in which they join the French mission.

New York, May 11.—The third day of the visit of the French war commission, the view no diminution in the warmth of New York's welcome.

Marshal Joffre escaped from the crowd this morning for a trip to West Point, where he will visit the United States military academy, returning to New York this evening for the banquet tendered by the Mayor and Citizens' committee to the British and French missions.

The British commission is expected to arrive in the city at 2:30. Vincent Astor will be host to the British envoys during their short visit.

COAL FIELDS OF LENS TO BE WORKED AT ONCE

[SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.] Lens, May 12.—It will take nearly two years to put the coal fields in the neighborhood of Lens into working conditions again after the destruction effected by the German army.

Charles Devaux, head of one of the large coal mining companies of that district.

"The success of the

HOME BUILDING PAGE

Many Are Buying Cedar Chests Now

It's a sign that the heavier winter clothing is being packed away for another season, and it is known that there is nothing quite so dependable as a genuine Cedar Chest for keeping clothing and furs free from moths.

We Are Showing A Most Complete Line Of Cedar Chests

We shall be pleased to show you and you will be pleased with them at the price we are selling them at.

FRANK D. KIMBALL

House Paints Cut In Price

We will continue this reduction in the price of House Paints until our stock is exhausted.

H. L. McNAMARA
IF IT IS GOOD HARDWARE McNAMARA HAS IT.

Blau-Gas, Bottled Sunshine

The modern gas for lighting and cooking in Farm Homes; let us send an actual demonstration to your home. Costs little to start with and but very little for actual operation.

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SHRUBBERY

Make your HOUSE a HOME by planting shrubs, trees and vines. Let us help you plan your home grounds. OUR PRICE LIST IS FREE and gives you a lot of information about planting things. SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

Drop a card or call Bell phone 298.

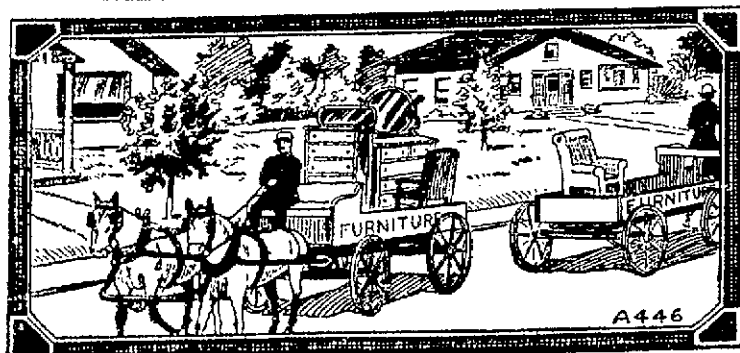
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The standard washable FLAT OIL PAINT for walls and ceilings. For sale by

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Paint Store. "Over 56 Years of Knowing How." E. Milw. St.



PRACTICALLY every furniture requirement can be supplied from our large and varied stock.

Whether it be a single item, an outfit for one room or furniture for the entire house, we can show you goods that will please you as to quality, style and price.

Our selections from the factories were made with a view to giving our patrons full value for every dollar expended with us.

You will profit by our experience in buying, and anxiety to please, all of which will be apparent when we deliver your purchases.

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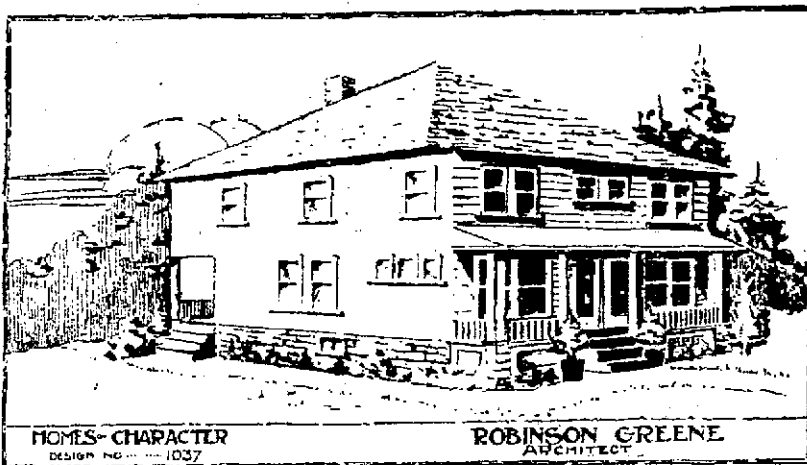
The Room You've Always Wanted

Turn that old room with its dingy walls and ceilings and cracked plaster into the kind of a room you have dreamed about. Beaver Board goes right on over the old walls and is ready to decorate the moment it is applied. Beaver Board is pure wood-fibre built up into large panels of manufactured lumber, knotless, crackless and without a blemish. Protected against warping or bulging by patent Sealite process.

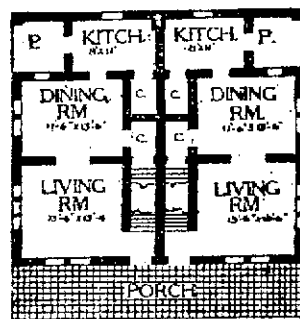
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FIFIELD LUMBER CO
Both Phones 109.

"Home of Character"--No. 1008



This building accommodates two families, side by side. Although the building is only 35'x35'6", it has three bedrooms, besides the usual living rooms. The rooms are all large and the housekeeping arrangements have been made as complete and convenient as possible.



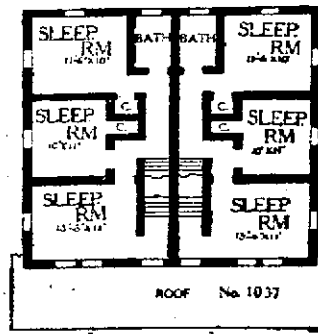
FIRST FLOOR - No. 1007

The cement block foundation wall is well set off by the wide lap siding, and the lines of the shingle roof add to the pleasing effect of the design. The estimated cost is \$4300, which includes a good grade of finish throughout.

By economizing it would be possible to lower this cost somewhat.

Get in touch now with Mr. Greene. He'll willingly answer all questions. Always give the number of the "Home of Character" you're interested in and address: "Robinson Greene, Homes of Character, Department, The Gazette."

CLIP THIS PAGE AND SAVE FOR REFERENCE.



SECOND FLOOR

IT NEVER FAILS!

No matter what hour during the day or night you want Hot Water, simply open the faucet in bathroom, kitchen or laundry and draw an unlimited amount. This convenience is possible if your home is equipped with an

AUTOMATIC INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATER

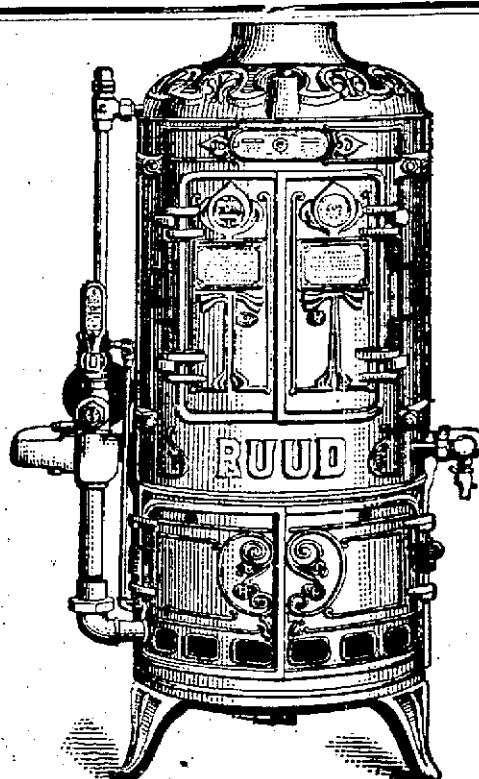
This modern appliance heats water as you use it. It is absolutely automatic, the flow of the water through the heater ignites the burners, when the hot water faucet is closed the gas goes out and expense ceases.

Let our representative explain the many advantages of the Automatic Water Heater.

New Gas Light Company

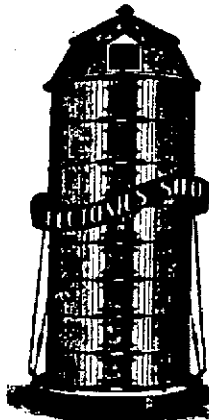
7 North Main.

Both Phones 113.



TECTONIUS SILOS The Best Silo at the Price of the Cheapest.

There is no question about a Silo being the best thing to help make the farm pay. You will bring up the question, naturally, as to what Silo is the best. Of course, you want the best Silo.



The TECTONIUS is a wood silo and everyone knows that wood makes the best silage. In addition to the advantage of being made of wood, it is wind and storm proof.

The TECTONIUS is positively as tight and as strong as a concrete, brick or tile silo. We make this statement unreservedly because it applies at all times, in all seasons, and in all weathers. Sounds incredible but it's true just the same.

TECTONIUS' original, exclusive, Self-Adjusting Silo Door and Hoop Fasteners make all this possible.

If you are interested in a Silo just step into our office soon and let us tell you all about it, or if you are busy just send us a postal card and we'll send you a lot of interesting facts about the TECTONIUS silo. SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE, \$135 for a 10x24 silo. (Price subject to change without notice).

Schaller & McKey Lumber Co.

Sole Agents.

Janesville, Wis.

Both phones. 100.

Let Us Show You How to Beautify Your Grounds

Landscape gardening is the modern means of beautifying the grounds around any home. Let us tell you how little it costs.

Janesville Floral Company

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50 South Main St.

J. E. KENNEDY

Real Estate and
Fire Insurance

Office In Sutherland Block

On the Bridge

REMOVAL NOTICE

I desire to announce to the public that I have moved my electric shop from 58 S. Main St. to 112 East Milwaukee street.

F. A. ALBRECHT

"A Little Shop Offering Intelligent Service."
112 E. Milwaukee St.

LOTS FOR SALE

We have three lots left on Monroe street for sale. Half block from street car. Sewer, water, sidewalk and gas now in. Will build to suit the purchaser if desired.

I can now furnish and lay asphalt shingles for a less price per sq. than wood shingles can be furnished and laid. Asphalt shingles are red or green in color and fire resisting.

E. E. VAN POOL

Builder. 17 N. River Street. Both Phones.

Gilt Edge Furnaces



Sold For 22 Years by Frank Douglas.

Many of these first sold are still giving the utmost satisfaction and never cost a cent for repairs.

The secret of the success of the Gilt Edge Furnace lies in their construction. They are made for the purpose of giving out every possible bit of heat without the annoyances of gas and smoke.

Let us show you how economical they are to install and operate.

FRANK DOUGLAS

Practical Hardware 15-17 S. River St.